

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1865.

## TO A FRIEND.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY BELLA Z. SPENCER.

Come, when the sunbeams o'er the distant  
Mountains bloom in purple mists from dews and  
streamers.  
We'll watch the graceful wreaths rise from the  
fountains  
While whispering each to each our pleasant  
dreams.  
Ah, sweet it is through spicy woods to wander,  
Heeding with some dear friend from Nature's  
page,  
Catching sweet tones where crystal brooks  
meander,  
With murmurs deeper than Divine's or St. Agn's.

Perchance, in future years, our paths may  
sever,  
Lying apart with spaces wide between,  
Upon our faces eyes of each may never  
Meet in kind glances as the past has seen.  
If sometimes, as it will, thy heart grows weary  
Turning in sadness from the haunts of men,  
Come from the dark and chilling shadows dreary,  
Is thought, at least, dear friend, come to me  
then.

Come with the twilight when the fire beams  
shimmer  
Across the hearth and out upon the floor.  
Sit down beside me—take my hand; the glim-  
mer  
Of one pale star is seen beyond the door.  
That star is Hope, and I, the true handmaiden  
And Priestess of that star will bid thee rise,  
Lay on Hope's altar every thy soul have  
sacrifice.

Thy path in sadness—a welcome sacrifice!  
The incense rises. See, it floats to heaven  
And wreaths the form of an unuttered prayer  
Bowed low before the Throne. To it is given  
A radiance purer than thy evening star!  
God loves these modest, meek, heart-felt  
prayers,  
No matter if the lips are new from a word.  
Prayer is not prayer, except from such condi-  
tions  
As those that come when heart and soul are  
stirred.

Now purified, we'll leave all thoughts of sadness  
And wander through Arcadia's blissful lands.  
Ah! what a sense of pure and hallowed gladness  
Trembles from heart to heart through clasp-  
ing hands!  
Sit down; the air is full of spicy sweetness.  
See how the moonbeams shimmer o'er the  
stream.

This hour is Eden-like for full completeness,  
With its dear, blissful, all entrancing dream.  
Close thy dark eyes; thy glance is too op-  
pressing  
With so much love within their dreamy depth.  
I'll seal them with a gentle lip caressing.  
Like the young Fairy's while her Elf-King  
slept.  
Fall gently down, and murmur sweet ye foun-  
tains!  
Play lightly, fragrant brooks, across his brow!  
Cast back your shadows, friendly, star-crowned  
mountains,  
Sleep, friend, from carking cares forgetful  
now!

I'll watch thee while the moon rides through the  
billow  
Of snow-white cloud upheaved o'er starry sky,  
Filtering soft beams around the mossy pillow  
Where in repose my darling's head may lie.  
I'll kneel beside thee while the night wanes  
slowly,  
Drawing dark shadows from rock, hill, and  
tree,  
And to our loving Lord, divine, pure, holy,  
I'll lift my voice in earnest prayer for thee.

## DRIFTING APART.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY HARRIS BYRNE.

### PART FIRST.

After the fashion of her kind, Corinne Cor-  
telleu imagined that the world stood still upon  
the day of her graduation; hushed itself to si-  
lence while listening to her valedictory; and  
moved with swifter pulses immediately thereafter.  
Because the steady devotions fluttered around  
her with their congratulations, and the white-clad  
maiden crowned her, and the pink-crowned  
youths teased her as the evening's fate which  
crowned the joyous day, she believed in them  
and in herself—little realizing of the time when  
she should lose both in both.

Being eighteen she was happy—being rich  
she was courted; for the rest, an only child,  
with no memories in the past to check her, and  
no fears in the future to thwart her hopes, what  
wonder that she lay before her chosen with  
rose leaves?

So, with a sigh of delight, she tossed the  
Greek basket, examined legends and univer-

sities, and Science, among a heap of their multifarious  
professions; and, seeing her essays, tied  
them and various sentimental notes with bits of  
blue ribbon, to be laid away in her portfolio.  
Since the afternoon notes were written on the  
sweeter of pink-tinted paper, with gold edges—  
commented "My dearest," and ended with  
"Thine Own" or "Ever Thine Own True  
Friend"—and since the writers thereof were  
scattered the length and breadth of the land—  
Corinne Cortelleu may be pardoned for leaving  
a few sentimental signs over their contents; in-  
asmuch as, a few years after she having learned  
the par value of school girl vows, the evanes-  
cence of school girl friendship, they were indig-  
nantly resurrected, to discover their fate—where  
some philanthropic philosopher asserts that all  
"our hopes, our fears, our vows so true," must  
end—in a heap of ashes.

Then she hastened the lagging fingers of  
worried mantua-makers; packed her trunks, or  
rather superintended that important operation;  
and, casting the past behind her like a worn-out  
garment, sped to the sea-side, ready for what  
ever marauder that will-o'-the-wisp, the future,  
might lead her.

Some women are born queens—step to their  
throne from babyhood, assume the royal pur-  
ple with short clothes, and wield their childish  
rattle as it were a scepter. So through girl-  
hood, head of their clique, yet falling with such  
gracious sweetness that none can wish them  
less.

I think Miss Cortelleu must have been one of  
these. Be that as it may, she walked through  
the summer with such a royal self-consciousness  
as called about her a train of followers—grave  
senators, hoary judges, brainless sops, and bril-  
liant literati—who, by their numbers and atten-  
tion, drew upon themselves the half-aromatic  
soubriquet of "The Corinne Guards."

As for the women they admired and envied  
her in a breath, and ended by adoring her.  
Belle, of five years' standing, left their old ways  
and strove to catch her trick of face or finger—  
to assume her mingled air of haughtiness and  
saintliness. Corinne affected white and looked  
charming therein, therefore the sea-side parlors,  
porches, and by-ways, cooled themselves with  
evanescent snow-drifts. Because she coiffed her  
hair in all peculiar ways—each the more char-  
ming than the last—the sea-side faces, old and  
young, round, oval or angular, peered between  
a mass of ringlets; looked severely intellectual  
from beneath bands of hair arranged in a la  
Griquet; or edifyingly serious under a weight of  
drooping braids. At these arts, to send Time  
backward, Society, piercing the filmy veil,  
laughed and sneered, and laughed again, re-  
turning with greater zest to his new idol as yet  
undiscovered.

One sultry July afternoon, Corinne sat upon  
the portico of the hotel, surrounded by maids  
of honor and as many of her guards. One of  
the latter—young Tom Gillespie—crouched at  
her feet to hold the wool she was winding, to  
another she tossed a bon mot, to a third dis-  
cussed brilliant sense; and, being all things to  
all men, charmed by variety. Near her, en-  
throned in the depths of an easy chair, sat Mrs.  
Cortelleu—a fair, frail face, a fragile form, as  
she bent forward to listen to her daughter's  
sallys, smiled back an answering smile to her  
look of affection, or with gentle gravity re-  
proved, when—as was too often the case—Cor-  
inne's wit bordered on the irreverent—she  
seemed one of those sweet old ladies whose  
soul assumes their angelhood ere yet the earthly  
shell is dropped forever.

Two new comers formed an accession to the  
group, themselves unseen. One of these was  
an old man, white-haired, gray-bearded, yet  
erect and stalwart. His lengthy blue eyes had  
lost none of their pride, his firm mouth none  
of its strength, and in his heart the fires of  
youth evidently smoldered beneath the ashes  
of age. This was Mr. Cortelleu.

His companion, Angus Lafarge, was tall and  
swarthy; dark-bearded and grizzled—brown  
of hair and eyes—the latter with cool light in  
them. In his manner was a mingled strength  
and gentleness, veiled by an air half haughty,  
half sarcastic. Not a man to be described in a  
paragraph, or made acquainted with in a single  
day, he was one of those before whom men  
forget their coarseness and women their frivol-  
ity, lifting their souls to higher things.

For the rest, a bachelor of thirty; junior  
partner of the firm in which Mr. Cortelleu was  
head, and resident of his house; he had found  
the city intolerable, whether by reason of the  
heat, or from weightier motives, may be con-  
jectured. So, with Mr. Cortelleu for compagne-  
de-voyage, he had arrived in the afternoon's  
boat, and now, bathed and refreshed, was si-  
lently noting the group before him.

"Corinne has found her power early," said  
her father, laughing.  
"Yes," answered Mr. Lafarge; "and having  
suffered a sea-change into something rich and  
strange," he was interrupted by the long,  
reverberating notes of the upper gong. The  
party on the piazza slowly resolved itself into  
couples; and Corinne, having assisted her  
mother to rise, was about taking the proffered  
arm of Mr. Gillespie, when her eyes fell upon  
the occupants of the doorway, and exclaiming,  
"Oh! excuse me, Tom, but there is papa and  
Angus," swept forward to meet them.  
After the greeting her mother having joined  
them, they moved on, Corinne's arm in that of

Mr. Lafarge's, her eyes raised to meet his, her  
voice answering, questioning, commenting.

Poor Tom Gillespie gazed after the retreat-  
ing figures in silent wrath and amazement, only  
venting his anger in a single ejaculation of "the  
deuce it is!" A handsome young fellow, good-  
hearted as the world goes, unselfish as far as a  
thoughtless man can be unselfish; he yet lacked  
force of character, both morally and intellec-  
tually. Having met Corinne the previous winter,  
he became acquainted with her during the inci-  
dents of the present social life; and feeling in  
himself a blind want, this lack of something,  
found it more than compensated in her latent  
strength and energy—discovered in her "the  
soul above his soul, power to uplift his power,"  
and so fell to adoring her as only weak nature  
can love the strong.

Miss Cortelleu had taken quite a fancy to his  
gay ways, and the fresh, warm heart shining up  
through his honest eyes; and being very ortho-  
dox in some particulars, and very heterodox in  
most others, had disengaged him from sherry-  
cobbler, and coaxed the postponement of Sun-  
day fishing excursions to occasions more ap-  
propriate. Farther than this no more favor had  
been shown him than to any of the rest, and  
when he saw Corinne's reception of Angus La-  
farge, he would have given his right hand to  
have received the like. Such characters always  
have a vain of dogged purpose underlying their  
vagrancy, which only a great emergency can  
call to the surface, and as Tom stood watching  
Corinne's retreating figure, he declared to him-  
self that he loved her; that with her for his  
wife he might make something in the world, with-  
out her life would be purposeless, and by  
George! it should go hard with him if he did  
not win her yet.

There was to be a hop that night, and after  
supper and his evening's cigar, Angus went to  
his room, donned dress-coat and white cravat,  
if under protest, and drawing on his gloves,  
waited at the door of Corinne's room for her ap-  
pearance. She came forth presently clad in the  
usual dress of white, a scarlet thread about her  
neck, clasped by a ruby tipped with flame, and  
in her hair the petals of some strange alien  
blossom that seemed dipped in blood. Sur-  
rounded by that impalpable perfume exhaled  
from beds of violet and sunny heliotrope, her soul  
astir with a restless fire that pulsed from heart  
to finger-tips, lending new splendor to her eyes,  
a soft bloom to her cheek—never had she seemed  
to him so lovely, never so far away.

A mirror pictured them as they stood—he  
tall, dark, and stately; she the personation of  
all freshness, grace and beauty. One moment  
his arms upraised as if to enfold her, the next  
closed over a dead hope—a new-born heartache  
that lay there afterward many a year. Was it  
her face or his fancy only that told him this  
bloom was not for him? This freshness could  
form no true alliance to his age—an age more  
of heart than of years.

He spoke; repressed emotion gave a harsh-  
ness to his tones that chilled her, and checked the  
joyous heart that had bounded at his presence.  
A rim of coolness here first edged itself be-  
tween them that as time progressed grew wider,  
and thus two souls that heretofore had walked  
in company, drifted unconsciously apart.

Mr. Lafarge did not dance, and Miss Cor-  
telleu had scarcely entered the ball-room, when  
half-a-dozen applicants for her hand surrounded  
her—the first and favored one being Tom Gil-  
lespie, to whom Angus relinquished her. A  
hidden heart string some soul into keener life,  
and Corinne feeling a strange, new pang, yet  
laughed and danced and jested; rose superior  
to the pain at least, as the lights and music com-  
pleted their senses into intoxication, and, finally,  
being pressed to sing, allowed it to exhale in  
tones whose passion thrilled all hearts.

Angus stood near her silent and dismayed;  
none knowing better than he the splendid pos-  
sibilities underlying her as yet but half-formed  
nature; none feeling as did he the wealth of  
that prize ere while considered his own, yet just  
now eluding his grasp—and, with a half-formed  
resolve he stepped forward as she ceased, and  
offering her his arm said,

"You are warm—shall we walk?"  
She arose, nodding assent. They passed out  
of the crowded room, and as the night air  
struck her, he folded her burnous about her  
form with a lingering tenderness that fell just  
short of a caress.

She hung upon his arm, singing in a little low  
voice,

"Oh! come into the garden, Maud,  
The black hat night hath flown,  
Then with a touch of consciousness, lapsed into  
silence.

As they walked on, the ghost of Angus's pur-  
pose rose to life a moment, gasped for breath to  
feed its fire—and died away in gloom.

Above them hung great depths of starless  
darkness, below them stretched white reaches  
of level sands, around them the mist folded it-  
self like a mantle, and afar off rose the light  
house lamp—moon of a northern sky. Over the  
bar the sheets of foam, tipped with a spectral  
light, gathered and broke apart, rolled inward,  
and subsided at their feet with sullen roar.

In the presence of sublimity all mere person-  
alities must be swallowed up, and the tumult in  
Angus's soul, calmed by the tumult without, lost  
itself in immensity. One hand held in his firm,  
large grasp the lighter one of his companion,

and after a space turning to her as if involun-  
tarily, he asked,

"Corinne, what is this?"  
"This," answered the girl, fearfully, "this is  
Eternity, and life is too beautiful to leave it yet.  
Let us away."

As they turned, one on the beach struck a  
match with which to light his cigar. The flame  
flared in his face a moment ere it died away, re-  
vealing the gay untroubled features of Tom Gil-  
lespie, who, having lost his star, had come  
partly to search for, partly to dream of her.

"Is that you, Tom?" said Miss Cortelleu, and  
then without waiting for his joyous reply, con-  
tinued, "oh! I am so glad. I feel just as if I  
had touched the borders of another world. The  
waves look like wreaths, and Angus himself but  
little better than a silent spectre."

"But you look real," she resumed, taking his  
arm, and emphasizing her assertion with a gen-  
tle pinch, "and the odor of that cigar is too  
palpable to be ghostly. Come, Angus," and the  
three wended their way to the hotel.

There Mr. Lafarge, seeing with a thrill of re-  
morse how pale Corinne looked, coaxed her and  
Tom to his bachelor sitting room; where, pro-  
ducing a flask of the far-famed aqua-marabile,  
he gravely declared it to have been distilled be-  
neath Eastern moons, from dews steeped in  
the lotus bloom, and brought to him sealed in  
the chalice of a lotus lily, by his friend Borri-  
boola Gha.

The three sipped the rosy cordial, drank *très  
bien santé*, and blinked glasses till after mid-  
night; when Angus, showing them his watch,  
laughingly turned them out of his apartments,  
and with a sigh watched the handsome couple  
as hand in hand they ran lightly along the cor-  
ridor to their respective rooms.

Always skeptical with regard to his power of  
pleasing the only one he had ever cared for, the  
previous evening's experience had robbed Angus  
Lafarge of the last vestige of assurance, and  
becoming a sadder man he also grew a  
colder one. Always grave, his smile became  
rarer, his speech less; his attentions to Corinne  
and all her sex, so infrequent, that Rumor, which  
had first declared him courteous and distingue,  
and assigned him his position as Miss Cortelleu's  
cavalier in particular, changed her tune  
and voted him a perfect bear. As for Corinne,  
his manner puzzled her, his coldness chilled,  
and calling him to account one day half jesting, half  
in earnest, he replied with a strange warmth,

"You mistake, Corinne, it is yourself I  
am changed, not me." She turned away half an-  
gered, and after that silence fell between them.

As for Tom Gillespie, placed on a more  
familiar footing with Miss Cortelleu, hope added  
richer largest. A girl of eighteen lives a life of  
intuitions, of impressions, and Corinne, with clear  
eyes, could discern who of her train of follow-  
ers sought her for wealth, who for her beauty,  
who for passion; and finding in Tom that per-  
fect love and self-abnegation so touching to  
generous souls—to new a revelation to girls of  
her age—began to feel an answering glow—a  
dim reflection of his own, could she but have  
known it—which holds the same relation to  
love that the "frail March anemone bears to the  
rose of June."

The dearest wish of her father and mother was  
to see Corinne the wife of Angus La-  
farge; a wish which they had wisely left un-  
expressed, and now relinquished with a sigh.  
Next to him they would as lief have Tom Gil-  
lespie for a son-in-law as any one, perhaps more  
than most others; his position being equal to  
their own, his wealth greater, his probity and  
affection undoubted. So Corinne with none to  
aid her, no hand outstretched to save her from  
the fate of an unloving wife, and wrapped in an  
unconscious dream from which time would sure-  
ly and too rudely awaken her, slowly drifted  
with the tide.

One golden sunset towards the close of sum-  
mer, the two paced slowly on the sands, she,  
gazing at the fat-off ships; he, vainly striving  
to utter words which should seal his fate.

Corinne was the first to break the silence.  
"Do you know, Tom, I'm going to Glen  
Haven next week," said she. "I expect it will  
be dreadfully stupid after being here."

"No! What for?" answered Tom, his heart  
in his mouth.

"Oh, papa has some relation, a fussy old  
grand-uncle or cousin, I don't know which,  
whom he thinks a deal of and wants me to visit.  
Besides they live in an ancient house, a century  
old, I believe, where papa was born. I sup-  
pose I ought to want to see it on that account,  
but there are so many legends connected with  
the place, that I shall feel quite nervous to sleep  
there of nights."

Corinne's words unconsciously precipitated  
fate; for although Tom had discovered that the  
afternoon light was too broad, too real for such  
confession, yet he determined within himself  
not to postpone it another day; in pursuance of  
which resolution, he asked Miss Cortelleu if she  
were too tired to walk with him again after  
supper, to which, unconscious of his real mean-  
ing, she answered "no."

Corinne returned that night with the amethyst  
ring of the Gillespies—a purple heart of fire  
set in gold points like a king's crown—burning  
on her forefinger, and in her heart a strange  
weight, an oppression that threatened to stifle  
her.

The parlor was empty, and Tom, with a new  
air of tenderness and protection in his manner,

led her to a seat. Then blushing and trembling  
like a girl, led her to demand confession of her  
secret. He returned promptly, his handsome  
face perfectly radiant with joy; he asked her  
in his arm, dropped kisses on her hair, and  
recoiled her weary eyes, pale face, and pro-  
truding air murmured, "Oh, my darling,  
my darling, I have feared you at last!"

The next morning Corinne dragged herself  
from her bed, and looking out of the window  
found the day in amorous with her thoughts  
—gray, dream—"all sorrow with a night of rain."

Not old enough to have learnt to analyze her  
feelings, she wondered if all girls felt as she did  
when they were engaged—imagined it must be  
caused by the novelty of her position—and  
shuddered as she remembered that Tom had a  
right to demand a morning kiss. Then, draw-  
ing herself like a picture of passion in suit of  
satin-gray, she threw around her a crimson  
shawl, whose graceful folds curiously defined  
the outline of her figure, and descended to the  
breakfast-room.

There, trifling with her toast and coffee, she  
received the better of her parents, at first good-  
naturedly; afterwards rose in strange haste and  
vexation, declaring that these cast winds always  
set her temper on edge, and whoever did not  
wish to be cut by her sarcasm must leave her  
to herself. Mr. and Mrs. Cortelleu looked at  
her in amazement, and poor Tom, more in sor-  
row than in anger, asked,

"And I, too, Corinne?"  
"And you, too, Thomas," was the laughing  
reply as she swept away.

Later in the day, in a fit of sudden remorse  
at seeing Tom's gay face so overclouded, she  
reinstated him in her favor—allowed his sar-  
casm, returned them even, and made his heart  
so happy, that, forgetting her coolness, he loved  
her more than ever.

The afternoon being too rainy for out-door  
amusement, a shade descended upon the  
house to read aloud for their entertainment. The  
completed, and picking up a volume of Owen  
 Meredith's, had just finished the lines—

"One handful of their buoyant shaft exceeds our  
boards of careful grain,  
Because their love breaks through their laugh,  
while ours is fraught with tender pain.  
The world, that knows itself too sad, is proud to  
keep some faces glad!"

when, happening to look up, she met Angus's  
eyes bent on hers. Something in his gaze  
chilled and saddened her—a touch of conviction  
flushed her face for an instant, and died away,  
leaving her pale as death. Shivering, she  
turned to meet the long look of love in Tom's  
eyes, and, feeling the need of warmth, scanned  
herself in his glance.

"To-morrow is fixed upon for our begonia,"  
said Corinne to Tom, upon a moonlight evening  
of the following week. "Let us go and bid the  
sea-waves farewell!"

Followed by Mrs. Cortelleu and Angus, they  
wandered for an hour on the beach.

Corinne leaned on her lover's arm, pale and  
silent.

"What makes you so sad, my darling?"  
asked he. "Next summer we will all come  
back gay as ever—you shall queen it, and  
I—"

"Oh! don't say so, Tom," interrupted Cor-  
inne with a sudden touch of premonition.  
"Next summer? Why, we may all be dead."  
She sang a little song:

"One dead summer never shall return,  
In its ashes no red embers burn;  
Over it vainly the tired soul may yearn,  
It is dead, wept, buried—how can it return?"

And, so singing, led the way to the house.

Arriving at Glen Haven the next day, Miss  
Cortelleu felt as if she were at the antipodes.  
The quaint old house oppressed her; it stood  
upon a river's margin, the wash of whose waters  
filled her with a vague, undefinable sadness; the  
very cry of the katydid was full of loneliness;  
and Corinne, who usually repelled Tom's  
caresses, clung to his hand as they sat on the  
porch under cover of the darkness, feeling,  
in its answering warmth and pressure, a palpa-  
ble protection.

Her grand uncle and aunt—kind, aged souls—  
paid all the attention they possibly could to Cor-  
inne's comfort, which—being paralytic,  
and unable to move without assistance—was not  
much to speak of; and her Cousin Ruth—staid,  
sensible, middle-aged, withal warm-hearted as a  
girl—strove to entertain her guest with legends  
of the ancient house, which, like all familiar  
things, to her had lost their terrors. Pointing  
Tom and Corinne to a second-story window un-  
der which they sat, she finished her narration  
by an account of a fearful firebrand which had  
taken place during her girlhood's days. She  
told them how she had been saved by a boat,  
into which she had stepped from that self-same  
window, and rode through the submerged streets  
of half the town, to a place of safety, while her  
boy-brother, rashly attempting to swim, was  
carried by the force of the tide far below the  
dam, and so drowned.

Through Corinne's dreams that night, there  
floated drifting forms, with bojaib, upturned  
faces—pathetic with death's paleness—up and  
down the room stalked specters, who, hanging  
on tiptoe beside her bed, gazed at her from be-  
neath helmeted brows, with great staring eyes,  
and vanished in mid air. So that she declared







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Inventor of the celebrated GOSWAMER VENTILATING WIG AND ELASTIC BAND YOU. JAMES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen

**For Wigs, Taches.**  
No. 1.—The round of the head.  
No. 2.—From forehead to the back of the head.

2.—From ear to ear over the top.  
3.—From ear to ear round the forehead.

Our hair wears ready for single & double-breasted suits on men's Wigs, Toupes, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Periwigs, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the place. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

## WHAT HORSEMAN

**Dr. Tobias' Venetian Horse Liniment!**  
TAYLOR, N.M., May 16th, 1900.  
Dr. Tobias:—Dear Sir—During 35 years that I have

As in the livery business, I have used and sold a great quantity of various liniments, oils, &c. Some 20 years since, hearing of so many wonderful cures having been made by your Venetian Lintment, I tested its merits, and it has given the best satisfac-

Yours, truly, &c., **SAMUEL WILDE.**  
Price 25 and 50 cents a bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

**UNIVERSAL MEDICINE.**—By what we eat, by the air we breathe, or by the water we drink, we can be made sick: or, by fatigue, or from

ability induced by heat, because these effects are producing impurity of blood. To regain health must purify the blood, by the organs of the stomach and bowels; these organs must be continued the greatest performance of that duty which nature

**TO BRANDRETH'S PILLS,**  
which cannot injure, and which will surely restore

bowels to the regular performance of their duties. The dyspeptic, the bilious will find them a treasure of health and the same may be said to all who are sick in any way,—take Brazdrath's Pills and be cured.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at the PRINCIPAL OFFICE 294 CANAL ST., and 4 UNION SQUARE, New York. ASK FOR NEW STYLE.

Price 25 cents each. Sold by MRS. SHAEFFER, No. 14 North Eighth street, Philadelphia; by T. W. YOFF & SONS, No. 229 North Second street, Philadelphia, and by all respectable dealers in medicine.

Feb 11-21 2000

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TO

**CURE NATURE'S DEFECTS.**  
THE NATURAL MEANS by which the Animal Chemistry of the system produces Color in the Hair has been discovered in  
**CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE.**

It counteracts the richest black and browns, preventing an instantaneous and enduring change from a conspicuous color, without staining the skin or paring the vitality of a single fibre.

**RISTADORO'S HAIR PRESERVATIVE.**

valuable adjunct to the Dye, in dressing and promoting the growth and perfect health of the hair, is of itself, when used alone—a safeguard that protects the fibres from decay under all circumstances and under all climates.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO

**Cristadoro's Hair Preservative**

valuable with his Dye, as it imparts the utmost  
ness, the most beautiful gloss, and great vitality  
the hair.  
Price, 50 cents, \$1 and \$2 per bottle, according to  
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70) A MONTH! I want Agents everywhere,  
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lars free. Address OTIS T. GAREY, Stamford,  
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For particulars, enclose red stamp to W.M.  
R.I., 19 White St., New York. Jan7-Jan.



remark how neatly my hair is parted to every acquaintance whom I happen to meet, and who, moreover, can see it for himself; if I cultivate my mind, (which I do,) I don't brag to my friends of how many encyclopedias I have swallowed lately. Why, then, should I exclaim: "He, he! I am warm! I am all in a glow!"



"Sydney replied resolutely, "let us keep here, we shall see the drags go off." Missy walked along towards the "hotel," with white robes and blue drapery floating around gravely.



## SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1906.

## THE COMING YEAR.

In order to give plenty of time to those desirous of making up Clubs for the year, as well as for the Ladies' Fair, we have the Prospectus of each published in the present number.

The only difference between the terms in the Prospectus, and those we have had standing for some weeks past, is in the offer of a *Service Machine* on certain conditions.

This offer is as low as we can make it, and our terms will not be deviated from. It must be remembered that the price of the machine—*which is Wheeler & Wilson's No. 5*, the same as that heretofore offered by us—has advanced from forty-five to fifty-five dollars.

In making up the Clubs, some may prefer taking the paper, some the magazine, while others may take both. Thus, in a club of forty, there may be twenty subscribers to the *Post*, and twenty to the *Lady's Fair*. It matters not to us what proportion of each, so there be forty subscribers in all, with the one hundred dollars. Upon the receipt of the names and money, or of the money alone, we will send the sewing machine.

We prefer that all the subscribers to the sewing machine club should be obtained at the regular price of \$2.50. In cases they are obtained at a lower rate, the balance of course must be made up out of the pocket of the person who wishes to procure the machine.

One word that applies to all Clubs. Begin to get them up at once. By leaving it too late, the persons you rely upon to fill your lists, are precluded by others who are more active. In this as in many other things, the old proverb holds true, "The early bird catches the worm." And we trust to have the pleasure of receiving a great many clubs this year, and of forwarding a large number of *Wheeler & Wilson's* and *Service Machines* as premiums to those who get them up.

## TO OUR EXCHANGES.

The present high price of paper will compel us to retrench our exchange list as much as possible. If we should happen to stop sending our paper to any publisher who are entitled to it, they will oblige us very much by informing us by letter of the mistake.

## PAPER.

We find the following significant paragraph going the rounds of the press:

"Within the past eight months upwards of 400 papers have died in consequence of the exorbitant price of printing paper."

We know not how accurate the above statement may be, but we do know that the high price of printing paper has caused the death of many periodicals during the last year, and brought many more to the verge of ruin.

As a consequence of this state of things, Congress has been implored to take off the duty on printing paper, so that if the American manufacturers cannot furnish it at a lower rate, foreign ones may, and the press thus be enabled to live.

On the other hand, the American manufacturers of paper have issued their counter appeal against the reduction of the duty, and arrayed copious tables of figures showing that they are presently selling paper at a proportionately lower price than before the war.

Remembering the old proverb that "figures cannot lie," we have contemplated these tables of our manufacturing friends, as a scriptural writer says, "with great admiration."

We are inclined to consider the manufacturers of paper the most self-sacrificing men in the community.

But we should just like to see another table, giving the items and aggregate of their losses for the last two years. They must be immense. Why, "rags have advanced nearly 800 per cent., bleaching-powders 500 to 650, woolen feltings 450 to 600, and rosin 1500 to 2000 and yet the price of paper has only advanced 225 to 250 per cent."

We should not be surprised to hear that each of our manufacturing friends had been losing at the rate of from \$50,000 to \$150,000 a year.

Certain singular lines in the returns of the income tax for 1893 would seem to warrant, we know, an exactly opposite conclusion—but these must be mistakes.

We have the kindest feeling for our manufacturing friends. We have an equally kind feeling, to say the least, for the newspaper fraternity. We are in favor of a reasonable degree of Protection to American Industry; but we are not in favor of protecting one class at the expense of the life of another.

At the present time we are strongly inclined to believe that the press of the country is in a great deal more need of Protection than the Paper Manufacturers.

For the last two years, unless all the usual signs fail, the manufacturers of paper, in spite of all figures but those in their Profit and Loss Accounts, have been making money hand over hand.

For the last two years, and especially for the last year—the year of the country has been weighed down to the ground by the increased expenses of publishing. If the burden is shifted in some degree for a while to the shoulders most able to bear it, is it unjust? If Congress cannot protect the Press directly, has not the Press a right to ask that others shall not be protected at its expense?

Mr. Carey, in the excess of his Protective zeal, is always holding up the danger of Foreign Manufacturing Combinations, which raise prices by first starving out competition, and then controlling the supply. But is there no danger of Domestic Manufacturing Combinations for the same object?

The country has been assured that if it would shut out all Foreign Competition, the Domestic Competition would insure equitable prices. But suppose that Domestic Competition is interfered with and controlled by powerful Domestic Combinations? The argument that prices will always regulate themselves equitably, is the argument of Free Trade. Once you begin to interfere with and protect by means of a tariff, and you are bound to keep watch and guard over all the interests involved. For your system, being artificial, must be kept under judicious control.

You may let the stream of trade run at its own free will as it pleases; but the moment you begin to dam the stream here and there, and in-

terfere thus with its natural course, you are responsible for the consequences. In siding the interests of one, you are bound to see that another is not drowned in the same backwater.

And it is not the part of wisdom to refuse to remedy the grievances produced in particular cases by an artificial system. You only endanger the whole system by such an unwise course.

We hold that Congress should not sit idly, and see a great interest like that of the Press paralyzed. In the best of times, the editors and publishers of newspapers, with the exception of a few in the large cities, are very poorly compensated—and yet no man is doing a more important and useful work in the community, and more necessary to the healthy political life of the Republic.

These men are told that if the high price of paper is maintained, in the course of three or four years the production will be so greatly stimulated as to make it plenty and cheap. Perhaps so; perhaps not. But where will they and their establishments be at the end of three or four years?

Hundreds of them cannot afford to wait even two years. They must have the relief now—or the relief will be useless to them when it comes.

If the duty be taken off of paper, the claim of the manufacturers that it should also be taken off of certain materials that are used in the production of paper, would seem to be a just one. At present, however, there is no duty on rags and on clay, and of course none on straw, wool, and labor, which are the chief articles used in the production of paper.

All taxes that bear heavily on the means of education and the spread of knowledge, are evidently unwise taxes to be levied in a free state—the very existence of which depends upon the masses of the community being well informed.

## THE EMANCIPATION AMENDMENT.

This amendment having passed Congress by the requisite two-thirds vote, now now receive the assent of three-fourths of the State Legislatures, in order to become a portion of the Constitution of the United States. As the whole number of states is now 36, the assent of 27 will have to be obtained. The following states will undoubtedly sanction this important amendment: Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Missouri, Kansas, Nevada, Oregon, California, and West Virginia.

The above sum up 22 states. The friends of the amendment also count, we see, upon securing the following: "New Jersey, Tennessee, Arkansas, Louisiana and Virginia." But New Jersey (like Delaware and Kentucky) is doubtful; the Tennessee, Arkansas and Louisiana legislatures are of questionable validity, not being recognized yet by the admission of Senators into the U. S. Senate; and Virginia is of still more questionable character.

No time, however, is fixed within the limits of which the vote must be taken, so that the question may possibly lie undetermined for years, unless settled sooner by a treaty of peace, or by the sharp edge of the sword.

## Signification of Colors.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

## Green.

ITS DIVINE LANGUAGE.—It now becomes necessary to revert to the principles established in previous articles.

In the symbolic genesis of colors, we find three degrees shadowed forth. First, Self-existence; second, Manifestation of Life; and third, the act which results from it. In the first, Love, or the Will governs, characterized by red. In the second appears Intelligence, designated by blue. The third, or sphere of Creation, is green.

According to the prophet, three spheres emanated from God, and became the atmospheres of the three heavens. The first is the sphere of Love, and red; the second, sphere of Wisdom, blue; third, or sphere of Creation, green.

In the Bible the Eternal is represented with an appearance of fire about him, and a blue or sapphire throne beneath; and also as being in the center of a green rainbow. These spheres, or hints were limited in Indian pictures as well as in those of the middle ages. In correspondence with them are the three degrees of regeneration, which may be traced in the ancient rites of initiation, together with their symbolic colors, red, blue, and green.

Mythology gives numerous proofs of the universal prevalence of the doctrine of celestial spheres; the philosophy of the Hindoos brings it under our notice in the explanation of the mystic symbol O M, composed of three elements of articulation. (A. U. M.)

"If the devotion of the worshipper be confined to the sense indicated by one of the elements, it is understood that the effect does not extend beyond this world; if it be limited by two of these elements, the effect reaches as far as the lunar vortex, whence, however, the soul returns again to the material body; but if the meditations of the devotee are so comprehensive as to embrace the complete sense of the three elements of this mystic symbol, his soul ascends to the orb of the sun, where it is purified of all sin, and casting its old slough, like the serpent, is preferred to the abode of Brahma, and to the contemplation of him who dwells in a bodily human form."

The Hindoos, like the Persians, Scandinavians, and every other people whose origin is lost in the night of Time, represent the Deity under the human form. A stretch of Brahma-Sami, depicted in the *Bibliothèque Royale*, and published by M. Langlet, in his work on the monuments of India, reproduces the doctrine of celestial spheres, and applies the key to the symbols of Hindoo Divinity.

The sacred personages represented in Christian pictures, as well as the representations of God and of the Saviour, and the angels, appear with glories of different colors. Only the Father and Son, however, appear in the center of spheres, or *kims*, which entirely surround them. Sometimes a second sphere appears below the first, surrounding the footstool of the deity. In the Latin Bible of the tenth century, Jesus Christ is surrounded with a red nimbus bordered with blue. Some of the cherubim and angels which environ him have red glories, others blue, and others green. Under the feet of Jesus is a purple sphere, which is also three-fold—red, blue, and green.

See Eschylus, *i. 26*. Eschylus, *xiv. 2*. Eschylus, *xv. 12*. Eschylus, *Philosophie des Hindoos*, p. 100.

and green. In a miniature representation of the Pentecost, dating in the eleventh century, the Holy Spirit is depicted in the center of a three-fold sphere—blue, red, and green—the sign which fall upon the apostles being red. Lastly, these three colored spheres are twice represented in a Latin manuscript of the thirteenth century, bearing of Richard Boscovich.

SACRED LANGUAGE.—The three elements are represented by four colors: red, blue, and green; water, by green; and earth, by black; but were these elements defined, or were they regarded as symbols? We find the reply in the philosophical system of the Indians. The *Upanishads*, of the *Chandogya*, the *Isa*, and the *Katha*, were regarded as the *Upanishads* would call for a comparison of spiritual spheres.

This theory was figured in the system of initiation by a Hindoo initiation. "Having created the thousand of elements," says Agastya, "I have now all the elements to surround me." The Neoplatonists had, by the way, the earth, by water, by the air, and by fire. The first represented the chaotic and dark state of the universe; the second was the embryo of existence; the third was the sphere of manifestation; the fourth of divine truth enlightening the understanding of the Neoplatonists; the fifth, or highest degree, opened the heart to the Divine Love. These symbolic spheres were purely arbitrary; they figured the four material spheres which the Neoplatonists had to pass through before he could be admitted to the three heavens represented upon earth by the three degrees of initiation or spiritual regeneration.

The act of Baptism was a symbol of the mystery of Creation; the profane state of mind answering to inert, dark matter, and water poured on the head to the fertile principle which was the means of regeneration. The parable of the Sower affords good evidence to Christians that regeneration is similar to the germination of a plant which is formed anew in the very bosom of death, and flourishes again into a new life. We read in the Revelation that the locusts were commanded "that they should not hurt the grass of the earth, neither any green thing, neither any tree; but only those men who had not the seal of God on the forehead."

The most ancient traditions concerning the symbolic application of the color green, are to be found in the legends of India, in which regeneration is represented under the aspect of conditions between Vishnu, the Supreme God, and the chief of the evil spirits. It was in the campaign of *Vai-Lungo* that Vishnu, incarnate as Rama, fought against the giants and overcame them. These giants represent the sphere of darkness, as in the book of Genesis, and the myth of Sargon and the Green. The key to the whole mystery is furnished by the colors attributed to Rama and to the chief of the giants. "In the temples dedicated to this incarnation," says Somarat; "Vishnu is represented of a green color under the figure of a perfectly beautiful young man, carrying a bow and arrows. We see also, a picture of the giant on the same sacred walls, having ten heads, painted blue, and twenty arms; different weapons are held in each of his hands as emblems of force and power."

John of Lydia mentions that green was consecrated to Venus Aphrodite. This is confirmed by a painting of Heracles, which represents her with flowing green drapery.

PROFANE LANGUAGE.—The sacred traditions have been preserved under their materialized form in popular legends. Green, the symbol of the soul's regeneration, the new spiritual birth, became the emblem of material vitality.

In its sacred language, green was the symbol of hope in immortality; in the popular language it was the color of hope in this world. By an inversion of its meaning, the profane attributed to it the signification of despair. In the scenic representations of Greece, sea-green, under certain circumstances was a sinister color. At first the symbol of spiritual victory it became that of victory in this world, and at length, by the rule of opposition, it designated among the Greeks defeat and flight or desertion.

Green had the same signification among the Moors as among the ancients, that of hope and gladness and juvenility, it being the color of spring, the youth of the year, which brings along with it hope of the harvest. On the same principle, green in the heraldic art, signifies civility, love, joy and abundance. "Archbishop," says in *Asenell*, "wear a hat of simple with bands of green silk interlaced. The color green denotes the good pasture into which the wise shepherds lead their flock, and is the symbol of the good doctrine of these prelates."

Thus green was the symbol of the good Christian doctrine, as well as that of the Mohammedan, Greek, Egyptian, and Indian theologies. The first and last links of the historic chain are united and resolved into one.

B. Z. S.  
Emblemata Sacra, lib. 2. 37.  
Eschylus, *ix. 4*.  
Vol. 1, pp. 225-226. Compare Paulus, *Systema Brevis*.  
Winckelmann, *ii*, p. 186. *Histoire de l'Art*, p. 124.

On last Friday, workmen, in making repairs on the Indian Queen Hotel, First street, Boston, found the entire skeleton of a man encased in a paneled closet. In the summer season, many years ago, the Indian Queen was quite a celebrated place for sitting down to supper, chowder, &c.

In reference to the failure of the Butler expedition against Fort Fisher, the Richmond *Whig* remarked,—"Salutes and fireworks in abundance celebrated the bloodless capture of the useless port of Savannah; but this was a poor compensation for the failure to take the valuable port of Wilmington." Now that the port of Wilmington is effectually closed, this same Richmond *Whig* is inclined to regard it as "an unfortunate rather than a disastrous event."

Mr. Ernest de Bunsen is about to offer his contribution toward a reply to the great question, "Who was Adam?" His theory, suggested perhaps by a phrase of the late Baron Bunsen, is that Zoroaster was the Hebrew Adam.

Twenty-six per cent. of the soldiers from Ohio have left families at home.

A dealer in old books in London occasionally a good deal of amusement to those who inspect his stock by the curious labels which he attaches to different works. What, for instance, would Dr. Johnson say to the following: "London, and how to see it;" and one he labelled "Leaves of thy Poems—price 'arf a crown'."

It is remarked by greyhound fanciers, that a will-famed, compact shaped puppy never makes a fleet dog. They see more promise in the loose-jointed, awkward, clumsy ones. And even so, there is a kind of crudity and unfitness in the minds of these young persons who turn out ultimately the most unprofitable.

In Tom the next day, she would not pass such a happy night for all Christendom, and then gay music, sparkling down and dancing were resounding in her ears, and she was on the point of leaving her room during their stay.

"Just tonight," the mother of the thing, "will do." "I intend adding Corinne Ruth," said she. "I intend adding Corinne Ruth to let her know in that room that she stopped out of them to find them at my feet, it'll be quite likely for you to meet and serve me. Something about the room of the woman way—people will come in as if we had just walked out of one of the finest circles." Being gravely assured by her friends that it was only the spirit of the thing that was dangerous, Corinne decided herself to be fearfully disappointed now that her one chance of being distinguished had proved a failure; but it may be questioned whether on the whole she was not quite as glad that such was the case.

Nevertheless on taking a peep at the room containing the famous window, and being assured by its contents—the crimson carpet, the couch, and quaint, three-cornered dressing-table—the declared herself to be in love with the room, and that the huge guest chamber was quite unbearable; so removing her effects that day, the took summary possession of the room and retained it.

One week did she and Tom linger at Glen Haven, listening to the wild, fantastic legends of the old folks, looking themselves of sunny days in the cool, dewy darkness of adjacent woods, drifting of starlight nights on floods of purple gloom, till Corinne, enamored of the place, its gentleness and peace, declared she would be willing to live there always.

Upon the day of their departure Corinne looked around her room for the last time, and with half a sigh turned to her Cousin Ruth, saying, "I have been very happy here. I think if ever I should get poor, or any misfortune were to happen me, I would like to come here and stay—could you let me?" Then without waiting for an answer added, gayly, "So you must always keep this room for my especial self, and sometimes, who knows? I may request it at your hands." Whereupon Ruth kissed her with tears in her eyes, begged her to come when she would and how she would, that she could never be anything less than most welcome. So Corinne and Tom sped swiftly cityward—and let the summer be ended.

## PART SECOND.

Little by little Miss Cortelleu became self-conscious, awakening at last to the fact that, bound to him by a solemn pledge, there were yet great depths in her heart that Tom's affection could never sound. No swift blush mounted to her cheek at his earnest—no accelerated pulse thrilled at his lingering touch, and grown so conspicuous that even Tom's generous heart was sorely tried and puzzled, as one day treated her lover as though he were a servant, the next dismounting from her throne, in an abandon of remorseful tenderness, seemed as if she would wipe his feet with the very hair of her head.

Thus matters stood, when once, Tom suing for an early wedding-day, Corinne refused his request point blank—whereupon, her parents, sleeping in an unbroken slumber, that two years were all too soon to lose their darling, but that Tom might have her then, and he must wait. The latter yielded his point as gracefully as was possible for his sore heart—while Corinne, with a new largeness of happiness, and reflecting in a vague, hopeful way that much might happen in two years, incontinentally defied the future.

As Corinne had quitted it through the summer, the winter through she reigned supreme. One bitter night, as she and Tom were returning from a promenade concert, she noticed that the frosty air gave him a little cough and hoarseness. It was late, and, without entering, he was about to leave her at the door and pass on, when she said,

"Oh! you'd better come in, Tom, and let me make some 'stewed quaker' for that cough of yours."

Thus conjured, he entered, and they repaired to the dining-room; where Corinne, after doffing her outside wraps, squeezed the juice of a lemon, mixed with it golden butter and lucid syrup, and after heating it over the gas and spicing it to his taste—watched as he sipped. A prophetic address was in his eyes, a sudden pallor on his cheek; and Corinne, touched with a pang of indefinable sadness and yearning, stroked the fair hair from his forehead, and as he put away the goblet (she was glad to think of it afterwards) stooped and kissed him on the mouth. One moment he held her, heart to heart, lip to lip—the next, was gone.

A week thereafter she stood beside a bed, on which, was, wasted, dying, lay poor Tom Gillespie. Mind wandering, unconscious lips babbling of old sea waves and ocean sands—his steadfast heart still recognized the star of his affections, and turning to Corinne, he said,

"Don't cry, my darling; next summer we will all come back and"—the sufficing lips refused their office; the dying hands clasping with tempestuous grasp the scorching warmer ones of Corinne Cortelleu—as if even now his heart could reach away without her company—a soul went slowly drifting out to a shoreless, waveless, limitless Eternity.

Griefs rose in company; and hardly had Corinne recovered from one shock, when the old firm of Cortelleu and Brothers—from which Angus Lafarge had long since withdrawn—was pronounced bankrupt, and the old man, grief-stricken and bewildered, died of very heart-break.

Though creditors demanded everything, yet some mysterious influence saved to Miss Cortelleu and her mother some personal effects, Corinne's piano, a picture or two, her father's books, the family silver and jeweled heir-loom. These last being sold, saved them from utter want till such time as Corinne's accomplishments should earn them daily bread.

Walking the street one day, in search of situation, a quondam friend passed with avowed head, a second threw her haughty recognition, a third swept on with drooping eyes, till Corinne, wounded and indignant, turned homeward. There a letter awaited her—an invitation from Cousin Ruth to her mother and herself, to make Glen Haven their home. Gladly accepting it, and carrying their little effects with them, the two took up their abode in the old house by the river, in the very room which Corinne, but one short year before, had laughingly declared her own.

There she—till now lapped in luxury—washed heart and brain over the stupid souls of children made scholars, and asked out a scanty livelihood with the needle that pricked deeper than her finger.

Thus much for outward circumstances. For the rest—it is so sad to lose all hope as one is twenty—be feel that one's life till then has so long been and blossomed, born leaped with such imperious bloom and fragrance, that after years must needs stretch somnolent and barren—and Corinne's soul seemed and blooming, with an under-tone of consciousness whose moon was "It might have been," cried out against the gloom, and exorcised fate.

Three years slipped by, bringing their slow, unconscious changes, as all years must, and yet, save for the death of old Mr. and Mrs. Van Wert, and the change of seasons, each recurring day being so like the last as to seem to Corinne that yesterday came back again.

She—a queen still, but a queen discovered—moved in her daily task, stern, pale and stately. Scarce a trace of the old light-heartedness remained, and her beauty, save when the old smile to seldom once transfigured her face with a new touching loveliness, seemed masked.

In cases of emergency the soul rises equal to the occasion. Grief, two-edged, gives keener life with added suffering, but it is the long wait that tries man's soul. The knowledge that no joy, no sorrow, no hope, no fear, can await them—the weariness, the monotony, that, scarcely rising to a throbbing, yet aches, aches, aches, till it threatens to drive one mad. All this Corinne felt in a dull, vague way, with scarcely life enough to express it to herself; and as one by one the years slipped by, robbing her of her bloom, yet bringing no accession of joy, her eyes grew to have that patient, far-away look so touching to behold, which all eyes have where joy tarries long, perhaps comes never.

seldom giving way to remembrance, she once sat in the gathering twilight, thinking of that joyous summer which seemed to her a century back, of Angus's kindness, of Tom's love, of all the sunny past, till, accompanying herself on the piano with soft minor chords, she sang a little song that had a heart-break in it:

"Never more! never more! Ah, God! no young!  
And no warmth left for me in sun and shine!  
The goblet broken as I sipped the wine,  
And I left desolate, desert, undone!"

A stranger, passing by the house, stopped a moment to listen, paused as if to raise the gate-latch, and then went on with slow, hesitating steps.

The next day Corinne went out for a walk. Returning, her mother met her at the door with a more radiant face than she had worn for years. "Oh! my dear, who do you think has been here? Angus Lafarge. He has just come back from California, and, stopping at Glen Haven on business, made inquiries for us. He's coming again to-night, so you must fix yourself up a little, dear," added her mother, fondly.

That evening Corinne, with strange perverseness, chose her plainest dress, around her throat and wrists bound narrow strips of linen, and, putting her hair back in a net, descended to meet her guest.

He was walking up and down the room when she entered, and as he became aware of her presence, turned to meet her. Taking both her hands in his, he bent on her a long, searching gaze, then only saying, "My poor child!" stooped and kissed her—a kiss none might gainsay.

Mr. Lafarge's business must have been a permanent one, since week after week slipped by and still he lingered.

One spring day that had a breath of summer in it, he coaxed Corinne out upon the waters. *Bloody they drifted with the tide*. Angus, one hand clasping an ear, the other dropped idly at his side, seemed wrapped up in a dream. Corinne sitting opposite, with folded hands and far-off gaze, presently looked up to meet his answering smile—a slow warmth touched her—the ice dissolved; her heart enfranchised beat with something of the old throbbing and thrill that once made life so blessed.

The next day one of those heavy March gales set in—but Corinne, with a soft light in her eyes, a new, strange joy in her heart, scarce heeded it. Three days it rained, and storm-d, and blew, till Miss Cortelleu with a spark of her old gaiety, declared to Angus—who had come through rain and mud to see her—that Noah's covenant was a fiction, and the second deluge was at hand.

So it would seem, close that night she was startled by Ruth's voice, saying,

"Don't be frightened, dear, but the freshest is upon us. Get up and dress yourself as quickly as possible. I have awakened your mother, and we will see what can be done."

Almost dumb with a strange terror, Corinne rose, hurriedly donned her clothes, and strove to soothe Mrs. Cortelleu who clung to her helplessly. Then, gently disengaging the aged arms, she ran to Ruth's assistance, who, tearing up carpets and removing valuables to an upper story, ceased to save what household goods she might.

How the waters rose step by step, while the three, having done what they could, waited with strange silence and calmness for what next should come.

Presently a voice rose above the roar of the tempest—and Corinne opening the window, saw a shadowy something beneath, which slowly assumed form and hue.

It was Angus with a boat, and, standing up, he prepared to lift her through the window, but only saying, "I knew you would come and save us," she held back. She saw first that her mother and Ruth were safely in it—waited till they were rowed to some place of shelter; and then, leaping lightly down, sat pale and silent while Angus made his way between boat-loads of other sufferers, through broken spars and drifting boards, bold goods, to the hotel where her mother and Ruth were anxiously awaiting their arrival.

An hour after, being left alone with her for a space, Angus gathered her in his arms as if she were a child, exclaiming, passionately,

"My darling—if you had been lost—"  
"And if I had, Angus, what if I had?" asked Corinne, eagerly.

For answer he searched her eyes, then folding her more closely, his voice husky with emotion, said,

"My love—my love, that slipped away from me so long and now is come back again."  
In the confusion that followed, he told her all his hopes, his fears, his sorrow in that summer so long past; while she, sobbing with a new, keen bliss that almost seemed like pain, answered,

"And I—I it seems to me that I have loved you always."

In his arms—breathing his breath, the world floats far away. Past miseries cannot oppress, nor future griefs appal her—for living he is here, and dying none the less so; and, resting on his strength, her poor tired heart at last finds joy, peace, and forgetfulness.







**TO THE AMERICAN FILMS.**

**Asociados:**

Rev. Mr. E— of St. Paul, Minnesota, was indubitable as a child's orator, and was never, as we know of, discomfited in addressing the little folks but once. He was addressing some Non-Separatist school, and was in his usual popular and effective way enforcing the duty of gratitude to God for His blessings. "What," said he, "would you say to the King if I were to give each one of you a fine new suit of clothes?" From every part of his youthful audience bright eyes



twinkled with delight, and a chorus of boyish voices answered, "Daddy for you!"

**Q** A good way to "kill time,"—sleigh it. Yes, sleigh it without distinction of age or sex.

**Q** It is not kind to say of an actor that he succeeded in creating his character.

## THE RIBBON.

**Picket.**—A chap who is sent out to borrow tobacco of the men for the officers.

**Answer to Morgan Stevens's PROBLEM, same date:—31 years, 5 months, 13 days. Jap. M.**

**GOLDEN CAKE.**—Half pound flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pound

It must be rubbed with fine tripoli.